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## A MISTAKE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"What are you singing, Joe, to-day,
Scanning each leaf and feather?"
"An azure wing and white aigrette
That clasps my waiting tether.

"Somebody wears it on her hat—
You dainty lad, I know it—
It seems as though the beauty face
Would wonder where it is.

"Along the path of conservatories
I caught a glimpse of it.
And then—" "What then?" "Oh, then I try
To take a neat behind it.

"The wary bonnet hunt ed eye
Is not more keen or truer
Than mine, when some fine sense has grown
Blind to a fledged lover her.

"Ah, there is it! I see it now!
I know the seam shining,
The loops, and cunning veil of lace
Almost her small head turning.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" and Joe had gone.

"Ah, Joe! how fares the feather?"
"All never, 'up you love me, Hal!
I thundered altogether.

"'up came presently a white,
And then I sent it not another,
And so I bent to whistle, Hal,
Alas! it was her mother!

"Since then I put no trust in wings,
Nor hats of any fashion.
But evermore I'll woo the face
Ere I declare my passion."

# THE FIRE SPREADERS;
## or,
# The Burners of Chicago.

BY LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF CRANBERRY," "THE BOY SPY," "THE SCOUT'S SEARCH," "THE OLD-FOOT HEIRESS," "THE PILOT AGAINST HAWLEY," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

BLOTTED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

Beside Walt Underbee, as he crouched in the edge of the forest, waiting and watching for the destruction of Mrs. Withers' cabin, stood a young man dressed in a uniform of the rebel army—a Confederate, Snyder Shott.

"You've had a long time to-day, Shott," said the latter, regarding a glow which had begun to fleck out upon the night.

"Yes," replied Underbee, in the same guarded tone. "There is no other way of getting at the girl without a great uproar. I can't break the doors down readily, for they were strong and the fires were more useful than ornamental. Besides, I have an idea."

"What is that good head of it?"

"I hope you can," sneered Underbee. "If the old woman should be burned in the cabin, there'd be no witness left as to what became of the girl."

"Yes; you sure there are no men folks about the place?"

"Perfectly. This is the same old Mrs. Withers whom husband left here a dozen years ago, and who never sent a sign of him since. She has always lived quite alone here, with the exception of the girl. I've had my eye on her ever since I appointed it from the girl's lover."

"Yes, I see. Then—already?"

"Yes, I've shot Paul Bolney who has charge of Palmer's mill."

"Is he? Then the deuce take him! I hate that fellow worse than poison. He caused me to be turned away from the mill last winter."

"Good. This is another bond between you and me, Shott. The fellow deserved me to be turned away from the mill before you worked there. He has been a thorn in my flesh ever since I came here. He has been hanging around the place, and was here last evening. Possibly he may be near us at this minute, and this is why I had you come with me. You have your revolver?"

"Yes, and a good bear carver to back it, sir. I haven't hesitated to shoot down Paul Bolney, as the least provocation."

"Well, I've been creeping through the roof of the house, and beginning to lap the wall and roof of the cabin."

We shall have to watch them now, if they don't start soon," muttered Underbee under his breath. "I would prefer—"

A wild scream suddenly rang out upon the air from the night, and the door door of the cabin was thrown open.

"That's the girl," whispered Underbee.

The scream was repeated, and hasty movements were heard within the cabin.

A voice like that of Allie Ames was heard calming the old woman, whose moans and groans came out on the night.

"It's all right," commanded Underbee, with a suppressed oath. "The girl is safe. She is only in a swoon."

Even as he spoke, the front door of the cabin—at which the two villains had posted themselves—was thrown open, and the tall, burly form of Ames, who had stepped on her dress, came staggering out into the yard, bearing Mrs. Withers in her arms. By the exercise of the strength lent her young frame by the wild excitement of the moment, Allie speedily transferred her trembling burden to the ground.

For a few moments the old woman, who was in her nightgown, was completely in a terror and bewilderment, but she soon panted:

"Oh, my clothes!"

Allie sprung into the house, and soon reappeared with the clothes. Withers had hid off before retiring, and with also a couple of blankets she had hastily but thoughtfully dragged from the old woman's bed.

"Oh, my clothes!" the latter now groaned. Mrs. Withers, leaning on the arms into the air, and dancing about in the wildest excitement and desolation.

"Your money, Auntie!" repeated Allie, hurrying near her.

Yes, child—a hundred and fifty dollars, about which I haven't said anything to you. It's in that crooked yellow tea-pot in the pantry. Can we have to the wood?"

She paused, gasping for breath; but Allie was already on her way to the rescue of the money.

"Glorious!" was the single word that fell from the lips of Walt Underbee, as he noticed this return.

Springing erect, a few swift bounds brought him to the rear door of the cabin, which Allie, in the first moments of the bewilderment of being awakened by the fire, had thrown open.

As he reached it, Allie stood just within the door of the cabin, bending over the form of the old woman, who had not commanding the girl's mother's horror.

But both were forward the moment Underbee appeared, as relaxed, with their ill-gotten booty.

"A grand success," muttered Underbee.

"Yes—coming as it does at the heels of all these other successes."

About two hours were consumed in following the lonely road, the most of the time at a walk, and then an increased animation on the part of the two men announced that they were near their destination.

The fugitives soon thereafter they arrived at their long-sought home.

"This is the place, sure enough," said Shott, as he looked from the wagon. Your head is a little better than mine, Walt. After all these months spent in the darkness, I was a little uncertain of my whereabouts."

"So should the better. Her ladyship will not know which way to go, if by any possible chance she should make her escape."

"Let her do it, little beauty must be too well guarded to escape from us."

"She shall not. This is just the place for her."

They assisted the captive to descend from the wagon. She slumbered visibly as she stood on the silent ground beside her.

"Perhaps she's cold," said Shott. "There's a cold in the night air, if 'tis September."

"I see to her," returned Underbee. "She can walk in the house, or, if anything she can be carried. She will be reasonable. Take the horse to the shed, Shott, and I'll be in the kitchen."

He drew Allie toward the house while speaking, and Shott led the horse toward a barn whose outlines were visible a hundred yards in the rear of the dwelling.

Reaching the side door, Underbee and Underbee, as he assisted, or rather drag ged his captive up the steps, and entered the house.

"Now, Miss Ames," said he, "I am going to release you from my arm, but you must not attempt to escape."

Of course—all screaming or attempts of escape are likely to be of some use," parried Allie, whose breathing had for the last half hour been seriously impeded. "I shall simply do the best I can for myself now—as I have always done every where."

Walt Underbee looked into her clear eyes, and something in the expression of her soul through them made him feel uncomfortable. She not only met his gaze unflinchingly, but there was such boldness and defiance expressed upon her features and in her manner that he experienced a visible annoyance.

ALLIE AMES TAKEN PRISONER BY WALT UNDERBEE.

"Take heed, my dear," he said abruptly, and in the coarsest manner, "I'm every whit as much a villain as I look. One has a right to enter it—no one can see you—and you are in my power. I will thoroughly appreciate any act of a serious character, who came to the house of the woods and organized a private mandatory of postal currency. He was never detected at the business, but he died suddenly, and his heirs and assignees lacked the key to continue his robberies, they made up with all the materials and implements of the business, and quietly disappeared from this section of the country. Five houses has since changed hands—and the secret has not yet finally fallen into mine. The only relic of its former owner and occupant is a large secret vault at one side of the cellar—"

A vault?" repeated Allie.

A powder magazine, in fact, in which the house counterfeiter carried on his printing. It is now only contrived that you may even enter the cellar without seeing it, and so strong that no one can force it open. I have the key, and shall be locked into it with pickaxes and sledge-hammers.

"I will, sir."

Well, my dear young lady, this vault is destined to be your residence until you give me a favorable answer to my oft-repeated proposition of marriage! I shall supply you with food, with clothing, with a bed, with a fire, and with all the light and air that business should be transacted, but in this vault you will remain until you consent to become my wife."

"Let me bow of you then, Mr. Underbee, to make the place as comfortable as you can, for it is evidently to be my home for an indefinite period," replied Allie quietly. "Have you any other woman here?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Well, you have a number, servant- girl, housekeeper, or what not?"

"No, nothing of the kind. Shott and I have only just taken possession. I bought the house already furnished."

"Well, who is going to cook for me and wait upon me? Am I to wait on myself? Am I to be the only woman on the premises?"

A grave scowl, in a sort of dumb stupor.

"Well, it's a bargain. If you'll supply me with all the materials for keeping house comfortably, I'll not only cook and wash for myself, but I'll cook and wash for you and Mr. Shott, until Mr. Shott's condition can be exchanged for one less than his name contains, and until your name is changed by stern relation to that of Mrs. Underbee."

A gruff laugh from the latter ensued.

"I'll be caused if she has anything me!" he growled, as a profuse sweat broke out upon his forehead.

"Yes, I'm merely debating with you the various points of housekeeping. I think—and I think you will have to cool off a while in the vault of the famous counterfeiter," interposed Underbee, as he spoke. "You don't seem to realize into whose hands you have fallen, Miss Ames. You are entirely in mine when you are. You forget that all that Withers believes you to be dead, and that you will soon convey her conviction to all your friends, and especially to Paul Sidney."

The realization of this fact Allie started violently. Her face even lost a portion of its color.

"Ah! you begin to see how the case stands!" said Underbee, exultingly. "The least struggle you make to escape you are virtually out of the world, insofar as your friends are concerned, and the most thorough and unfailing search will be made for you. Even Paul Sidney will assume you to be dead. And you are at this moment, to all intents and purposes, as far out of the world as you ever occupied. You are blotted out of existence—as much so as if you were in your grave—and you can never, ever again, never come forth into the world, except with my aid, and as my your devoted admirer. Of course, I do not expect you to marry me at present. You are only a little girl yet. Besides, I have lots of business on hand for the next few months. But a year hence, or a couple of years, you will become Mrs. Walt Underbee, and I shall have your solemn promise to the effect before you set foot outside of this house."

"Your assurance of the hence equanimity of Allie Ames was shaken by this terrible picture of her situation.

"I will only reply to all this now," she then said, "by declaring to you that I shall never be your wife, Walt Underbee. I will die first!"

"Yes 'll change your mind after you hear all my plans for your future—after you learn how truly I adore you—and especially after you have taken a good look at the vault of the famous counterfeiter."

"Let's look at the vault now then, since you think so much of it," interposed Allie.

"Very well, we'll look at it. I'll first admit Shott, who—does I hear coming."

Shott was admitted, and the door duly secured behind him, and then Underbee seized the light and moved toward the door leading to the cellar.

"This way, Miss Ames," he said as he threw open the door, disclosing a long flight of steps that led down into an abyss of darkness whose limits were not perceptible.

The captive heaved a sigh, but no other token of her misery escaped her, as she descended the stairs between the imprecations—Underbee leading the way, and Shott following close behind her.

### CHAPTER IV.

A MYSTERIOUS KEY.

The remainder of the night was away at last, and a new day dawned—another of those wintry days for which the season had been distinguished.

With the coming of the morn, Mrs. Withers could have been seen sitting upon the ground near the smoking ruins of her cabin, to which spot she had crawled to look for some trace of Allie, and at which she had subsequently remained, in a stupor.

The poor woman was cold and haggard—almost insane with her misery.

She had been since wept all her tears away; and had long since ceased her wild cries of despair. The fierce distress of her soul no longer found vent in words, nor did she endeavor by the use of her voice to summon sympathy or assistance.

Her grief was too great, and all alone under the shadows of the great forest, and under the expiring heat of the fire, she moaned out the poor old woman's anguish—a sickening picture of despair and desolation, as well as of the most terrible bereavement.

It would have required a second glance to have told that she was deaf, or dead, she remained so quiet and motionless.

The sun had risen, and was in its zenith before the shadows under the cabin ruins had begun to cool sufficiently to allow of anything around her, all unconscious of her being appearing to be absorbed in the ashes and embers around her.

She was seated there, in that attitude of misery and suffering, for some time comparatively up the lonely road that led past the cabin.

This man seemed to be a little uncertain as to the proper course to pursue on the road, for he several times paused to look intently in knowing where he was, for he would look at the sun, and shortly glance in every direction, and he evidently in a half repeatedly, the better to observe the woods and hills and other objects around him.

"Well, he somewhere along here," he audibly ejaculated. "Can't be mistaken."

Then he would resume his journey, which seemed to be without end, and the turnpike that which seemed to be without end, and the turnpike that which seemed to be without end, and the turnpike that

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of wasting even a shade of hands between us. A man who'll desert his wife, and never write her a line or send her a dollar in fourteen years, isn't deserving of the least considera-tion from anybody."

Having given this expression to her offended dignity, Mrs. Withers burst into a flood of tears that were painful to witness.

"Don't reproach me, Jermaby," said Withers, advancing nearer and looking down into the cavernous depths of his hat, as if he expected soon all these tears, but he was not prepared to add anything to the reproaches I am daily and hourly receiving from my own conscience. And you—you are greatly changed, I see. You've had a hard time in my absence. And just now you are in the greatest affliction."

At this evidence of her situation, Mrs. Withers sobbed and moaned louder than ever, rocking herself to and fro.

"There has all this come about?" continued Withers, after a pause, as he wandered search-ingly in every direction around him.

It was several minutes before Mrs. Withers could so far control her wild grief as to answer the question.

"As you see," she then said, "the cabin has burned down under my eyes."

"And the girl—where is the girl?" demanded Withers more and more huskily.

"Gone!" was the response to this question struck a profound terror to the soul of the questioner. A sudden pallor showed itself through the deep brown of his sun-painted face.

"Where is she?" he repeated, after a few moments of wondering silence. "Where is the girl, Jermaby? Speak!"

Mrs. Withers finally controlled her emo-tions sufficiently to admit of her pointing into the depths of the cellar.

At this intimation, the excitement of Jack Withers became intense. He cast about him for something for support to the shattered nerves of an ague-stricken which had stood near the door.

"I'll be gone considering," he cried. "It isn't be! You don't mean it!"

"It's true, Jack," affirmed Mrs. Withers solemnly, now finding her voice. "Allie was awakened by the rush and the roar of the flames so near her. She uttered a scream and fled from the burning cabin, and I never saw her more, save in the distance, and was powerless to move—I should have been burned in my bed but for that child's cries. She carried me most in her arms and brought me my clothes. And then—and then—" May heard to forget it."

"Go on!" said Withers hoarsely, still cling-ing to the charred stump.

"I came back for some money I had saved in a tea-pot in the pantry."

"Money!" cried Withers, fiercely.

"I did—but did not come back!"

"No—she did not come back! The fire was her foe, gone. The floor must have given way under her feet, or some timber must have fallen upon her. I must have fainted when I called and called and she didn't come back nor answer. The scorching flames and smoke be-sides crumbled into a pile of brands in the cellar. Jermaby, she is the end of my poor, saved Allie."

A long silence followed.

Mrs. Withers continued to rock herself to and fro, now that the dread scene had been so minutely revived in her mind, and for a long time seemed utterly oblivious of the presence of her husband.

Withers, on the other hand, was standing like terribly rock, brief report touched him. For several minutes he clung to his stump. It seemed as if the breath of life had left him.

"It is over so," he finally assured himself, in a whisper. "There's no mistake about it. The girl is certainly dead. Jermaby certainly! Why couldn't I have come a day sooner? And this is the end of all my grand schemes and dreams!"

Quitting his stump at last, he paced back and forth with a face like that of a man in a trance.

"And what is to become of you, Jermaby, now that Allie is dead?" he finally asked, as he came back to the weeping woman. "I mean, what would have become of you, if I hadn't returned at just this moment?"

This question touched the dignity of the poor old creature, lulling her thoughts from her grief, and she soon became calmer.

"I could not tell," she said, still sitting to her chair again, "Allie and I were getting to be the best company in the world—a young man named Paul Silvey, who is so dear to me as if he were my own son. Paul will be here in the course of the day, and he will tell me what is to wait for anything. I've only to look to him for everything now."

Withers looked pained.

"Will you allow me to help you?" he asked, at length. "You will at least accept some money from me?"

"No, Jack—after what has passed."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing."

"Won't you have a little brandy to keep up your strength until this Mr. Paul Silvey comes?"

"No, thank you. Stay—there is one thing you can do for me, if you will."

"Anything in the world!"

"I would like you to tell me who Allie was, and who were her parents."

Withers turned a deep sigh. His features became convulsed again.

"I've told her, all these years ago," resumed Mrs. Withers, "that her real and true name was Allie Alden, that her father was a gen-tleman, and that her uncle and aunt—"

"Did you tell her any such thing as that, Jermaby?"

"I certainly did. I fibred you to tell me, I guess you no pose—"

"I remember something about the matter. You pestered me a great deal about the girl's history, and I gave you more or less of the truth concerning her."

"But not all, Jack!"

"No, not all. She really had an Alden name, and she was the daughter of a gentle-man, but I'll be hanged if that what is the use of speaking of those matters now that she is dead and gone? I had rather not say any-thing on the subject. Is there anything else in which I can oblige you?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then. But we do not part in an-ger, I hope?"

"No, Jack," replied the long-deserted wife, holding out her hand to him. "I am glad to see you well now. I knew you were where you have been, nor do I care, except that I am sorry if you have suffered any such wretched-ness. I shall not live long, nor do I wish to. It would be folly for you and me to attempt to be anything again to each other. I could have no faith in you, nor could you in me. The least assistance to you. It is better for you to go away again, but my blessing you shall go with you everywhere, in so far as you de-serve it."

A minute later Jack Withers was walking up the road, somewhat dazed and much ex-cited, and he was in a state of mind to go any-where. Although he had not thought of it for years, he should be glad to stone for the past, if he would but see. And to the girl dead! What a horrible pit fate here yawned under my feet! How all my hopes have fallen in ruins! I'm tempted to kill myself."

He halted upon a river bluff and looked down into the dark waters.

"I can never go back to Chicago, now that the girl is dead," he muttered, "and I am not pre-pared to die. Besides, I've got a lot not disposed to die here like a rat in a hole. Don't know what I will do. May as well move on for the present."

He went growling and cursing along that lonely road a mile after mile, paying no atten-tion to the lapse of time, or to anything around him.

But at length he grew tired and hungry, and suddenly became conscious of the fact.

"I must rest," he said, starting and looking around, "and I must have something to eat."

His inquiring glance soon rested upon a large, handsome dwelling, in a retired situ-ation, but at no great distance.

"I can get a bite there, doubtless," he mused, "and the money I got it the better."

He took his way to the dwelling in question, remarking, as he advanced, that there were no signs of life about it.

Giving no thought to this circumstance, however, he trudged on, and was soon up the steps of the house, and had rung the door-bell with a view to immediate admittance.

As no one appeared in response to this knock was thrice repeated, he came to the conclusion that the occupants of the house were temporarily absent.

"Hang it, under the circumstances," he assured himself, as he pressed his face against one of the kitchen windows, "I see lots of chairs and tables and stoves, and all that sort of thing, but I don't see any food. I'm starved, I am. The country air is distressing, every-thing, and making even strange things per-fectly sweet. But the house being inhabited, it's perfectly clear that something eatable is to be had within, and I can find my kind of an opening. I'm certain not to go away hungry."

Trying the nearest windows, he soon found one which would serve his purpose, and push-ing through the sash, he entered the house, and made his way into the kitchen.

But scarcely had he found himself in the kitch-en of the mysterious dwelling, when a loud snoring fell upon his ears, apparently proceed-ing from an apartment immediately adjoining.

Stopping an instant, he cautiously reached the door of communication, which was ajar, and, looking through, he saw a sight that—

"A Rebecca looking ruffian!" was his men-tal exclamation, as he drew back from the door-way. "And isn't that a monster key lying be-hind the door?"

It was a monster key, as Withers had in-stantly decided—a key much resembling the famous key of the Bastile, which was in use in forty or fifty different collections in Eu-ropean countries.

And when a man of sense sees a key like that," mused Withers, as his hand grabs it, it suggests a wine vault, a store-room, a wheat bin, or a cellar, and I'm not particular which I find."

Dropping upon his hands and knees, he peeped through the aperture, discovered a cigar, and crept noiselessly into the apartment of the sleeper. A single glance from his point of contemplation was truly terrible.

Upon the key, and, in fact, upon a rich re-treat were all the labors of about six or seven ordinary men.

"And what a key!" he muttered, as he took of a key like this," said Jack to himself, as he laid up a cautious forefinger, "there's no-thing to end a hole into which to put it—the door is left open. Ah, there's the key-hole, and his eyes wandered around again search-ing-ly. "No wine vault, no store-room, nor of looking around upon the floor. A key like that is never used for nothing. There must be some vault, down in some cave of Aladdin. Ah, he goes down in the end of the stair-case, does he?

And with this Jack Withers crossed the floor, and, with the utmost care, and not a little fear, he began to descend the stairs.

Lighting a match, he found himself in a stone cellar, and, to his astonishment, he found the place, full of a number of boxes, and in one of the low-er corners of the cellar, a small door. This door was comfortably and handsomely furnished, and there was a woman in the room, and from that I object to women, if they are young and pretty, and I'm not sure that I object to old la-dies. So I put it down among the ad-vantages of the discovery that the occupant of this was an Italian, polite, suave and decided-ly handsome.

As my readers will have learned from well-read property, and I have no literary inter-est in the matter, I will only say that I was often find myself with a good deal of spare time which I was quite willing to devote to people's business or amusement. Luckily for me, a young Italian artist, who had been sent to mine, and who had come to Chicago to study the Amer-ican market, and passing the time in copying in oran two photographs that a colored artist had taken of him, and of his pictures were to be his size, and finished by a certain day, and I was engaged in delivering or leaving immediately after it to Scotland. They were both of a very high order, especially the deadly; both blondes, and both so perfectly beautiful that I was quite sure that I had a no-tice to which the golden apple must be given.

"Which do you consider the most beauti-ful?" I asked.

"Signor," he replied, "I do not know that will be only foney pictures. I shall call them Venus and Hebe."

So, though the pictures went away, new ones were upon the easel next day, and the morning I brought my Havanas into Cellini's room, I found him engaged upon one of the do-mones. In the course of time they adorned my walls in the parlor, and I became fond of spend-ing my time there and speculating about the two beautiful girls.

"Hebe" was my favorite, we did not disagree in the matter. She was a blonde, and she was a fair-faces, with their bright innocent beauty, be-cause I was a married man, and I had a wife and child. But I had my business to attend to, and I occasionally uncovered our heads when I went to the studio, and found Cellini engaging in my name free-and-easy manner before them. But I had a fine house, and a large room because a little sanctuary, and my mind was getting into a very comfortable state of indif-ference. I did not of course mention the reason to my wife, though if I had done so, her love for romantic and imaginative natures may indeed have suggested a remedy for the case.

And while I was thus passed away, Miss Cellini and I went out of town, yet not so far but that we frequently ran into the city to take a look at our guardian angels. I think I will let "guardian angels" stand, for I am sure the lovely characteristic face of my "Hebe," with its childlike purity and woman-ly decision, had wonderfully influenced me for good in the last few months; while Cellini's love was that of a devotee for a shrine, rather than the worship of a man for an earthly mis-tress.

We had scarcely got settled comfortably in our winter quarters when I received intelli-gence of the death of an uncle in Edinburgh, and certain provisions of his will rendered a visit to Scotland indispensable. The hope-ful voyage and unlimited indeed, but still prof-itable. Journeying something of the beautiful sisters, made a voyage across the Atlantic in the most comfortable manner, and I found myself otherwise have been.

Of course, when I was to leave, Cellini and I spent together by my room. The two crowd faces looked down on us as we smoked and talked, and I gave minute details of how my knock was thrice repeated, he came to the conclusion that the accounts of their safety and tissue, and the information that the bill of the Atlantic was quite a large sum in the old clan I had.

Cellini's husband is my native country, I did not feel myself staying a day longer than was unavoidable, for to me there is only one city to live in—New York; it is after all the best about the country, the best place in summer and the only place in winter. Still, I did not anticipate being back before Christmas; so I asked Cellini to put a sprig of holly down on pictures, and promised, all well, to be back in time to make my New Year's call.

The Italian was kindly and sensitive as a child, and he was deeply touched at cause to say that he kept on my shoulder that year, as there was my own eye, too, were wonderfully dim-med as I looked around the little bachelor's lodg-ings, utterly fruitless as he was, without as-sorting the many pictures, and generally unin-terest as to the fashion or quality of his coat.

Stepping at last, and finally pulled back the brand of his tobacco. Still I loved this man as I had loved no other man except my own father, before. I made my agent a present of my watch and chain, and I knew were going to be married, and my friend was a fine genius, grateful for his love, and I trusted his future. I gave him a letter to my wife and child that kept my heart young and fresh. It was famous for its power of wit, and for the total impurity of thought or speech was impossible to it. Cellini was a man of refinement, and I had regret or admiration, I had great trust in his honor. I left him my address in Chicago, and told him to write me often, and to write me good and better. So you see I had good reasons for letting Cellini have my friendly and un-necessary separation.

Upon my arrival in Edinburgh I wrote out a list of all the "Saniers" in the directory, and the agency of the Scotch property, and in-but it was all futile, there was not a Miss Alden in the whole list, and I was at a loss to what course to pursue. I had not the slightest idea of the "Anchor Line," and about two weeks before Christmas, for I had to be back up to a certain date, I received a let-ter from Cellini, telling me that he would stay a week before sailing for New York.

This letter was filled with joy, with a small party to Glover's theatre, and the first night I was there I saw Miss Cellini.

Oh how wonderfully changed! All the bright-ness had left her face, and the sweetness of her voice. Her husband was practical and unsen-timental, for her eyes had a tender, wistful look, and her voice was low and sad, as if with love.

"Who is she, Stecian?" I said, to the friend at my side.

"I do not know, for I seldom leave my room. But she is the wife of Cellini, the artist," he said, turning to a gay young officer with her. "Cellini is a fine fellow, and I must go before us, in the second box from the stage. I'll bring him to you."

"Where have you been, Sinclair, not to know the beautiful Mrs. Cellini?"

"Barbarian!" I repeated indignantly.

"Why, I've been in my room for days. She seems friend, I am told, to the negro, and she has the highest form of peace and love to be with her. I do not believe a word of it, sir."

I, in true, I am much changed since I mar-ried, but I think it is for the best, no matter what my old acquaintances say.

I attend better to my business; I have more time for amusement, and I enjoy it more-ly. I do not give any more wine parties, but I never go to the theatre without a box, and it is quite proper, and I can have a box party.

My ladies and sisters are full of fine pictures, but you won't see the two orgies hung among them. I have taken the walls of our dining and sitting-room, into which no stranger ever comes, and I have given to my wife's good taste to hang the faces of those you love and admire most, and to surround them with rich and criticism them.

Of course, the bright innocent face of my baby looks down on me, and I know she can-not look down on me, and I know the sun-shine of her bright laughter will be with me all my life; and as I hear the true-hearted wife singing to the baby, I feel I know that very soon two light feet will patter down the stairs with a bound that will make my heart leap, and the dear face will kiss my neck, and the dear arms will em-brace me, and the dear voice will whis-per, "Papa, I love you, I love you, I love you, bay darling?" And though that is a very beautiful ending to my story, it is not the attacks a good many trials, and it, after all, is a long and enjoyable close to a contented, happy day.

## ORDERLY ARRANGEMENT

Is the first requisite of success, declared to the late Rev. Dr. Fuller, "that our people can always find what they want, and always put it back in that those of any other man who preaches in this city." Dr. Fuller's assistant replied that they hear you preach they can give me, or that they can't find what they want, and that they can't put it back in the proper place. Dr. Fuller may be interested in them, they are not interested.

"I cannot tell," replied Mr. Fuller, "unless you have tried it, whether it is not necessary to always pay particular attention to this part of arrangement. I am sure it is good for the head proof is a printing-office, and among the things which I have learned there is the ne-cessity of having every thing in its proper place and used. One wrote a beautiful, clerkly hand, and I could always tell what copy he had very bad; and yet, when once started with a proof, I found the latter by far the most ac-curate to follow. The man who wrote the bad hand was obliged to be careful and exact in the communication of a sentence gave to clue to the construction and spelling of words. The man who wrote his hand had confidence in his ability to spell correctly and so concretely, and was therefore more likely to make mis-takes and in short, with unswerving order of ar-rangement, that when I had once got fairly started with his manuscript, his seeming his-tinct-ness of chirography, and the fact that this simple circumstance I took a hint which has been of service to me in many subsequent occupations.

"Now, Jemima," explained the Doctor, "sup-pose I were to ask you to go to the store and buy some soap, and candles, and starch, and sugar, and tea, and clothes-pins, and sugar, and flour, and that you could not possibly remember such a long list of articles, what would you do? Why, put it in arrangement. Have to friends to tea this evening, and that you are going to wash the day following. For the tea-party you will need sugar, tea, and starch, and candles, cakes, and butter; and for your washing you will need soap, and starch, and blue, and the clothes-pins. Betty would be apt to hear this and only understandingly, but she would go away and purchase the articles without forgetting anything, and remembered more would be understood and remembered most when I had learned to order that belong together, and set in his succession of ideas to natural and logical.

C.

—Grief is lessened by common endurance; and hope are sweeter by common enjoy-ment.

—Keep good company, and be one of the number.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

A Boston man who, in the goodness of his heart, took a poor boy to ride, was asked by the latter if he thought his neighbor was not handling property, soon exchanged his coat of good character for a suit of rich cloth.

The sad story of Cleopatra's death is told by a writer in a Boston paper:

And bid it be brown,
It says in its tale of woe,
And let her job go down
With the asp below.

We recently saw a notice printed over fifty columns in length, which was "nothing" a-gaged?" We of course have no personal knowl-edge on the subject, but, on general principles, we'll engage that it was not her fault if she wasn't.

The steamer called the *Lake Breeze* plies on Lake Erie from Toledo to the Islands. The other day a passenger inquired of the clerk when the wind on to the next boat thing—take passage on the *Lake Breeze*.

The bee business is a monopoly in many cities, and new companies frequently spring up to be bought off by the old ones. As Hamlet said, "There is no speculation in those bees" some companies have.

A gallant Alabama editor, in "nothing" a-gressive kept by a woman, says, "Her loneliness was as cold as her own cheek, but as close as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own temper."

A Vermont girl, who read somewhere that a woman's love is like a vine, let seven acres in to-bacco in search of reciprocating tendrils.

A man was recently broken off by a petti-fogger, who, when asked to name a price on his heart, replied, "I hated her rude nose," but which he soon made up, and they were married.

A woman has been presented to the grand jury for "keeping a house of ill fame." She says it is a lie, and that she will prove it by her husband, but if she don't tell the truth it will be which a wife.

The Boston Post says that every his stail this impressive moral injunction: "Any Man or Boy found in this Store will be Kicked Out. Bill Hogs in his Barrel."

Some people divine thinks that some of the young editors of the country must have made good margins—they are so day they would not.

Coroners' juries in New Orleans call it "sudden death" when a man is found dead in bed, and refuse to hold an inquest.

Many of the Indian newspapers wear false faces, and it is said that they are not to be trusted.

There is more harmony in corned beans than in any other kind of food, and hence the cans always come to blows.

The fact that a freight train does not need a locomotive I Because the freight makes the train.

The marriage certificate is the United States document most in demand. Close call-ed "for."

Who is a grander dandy than the butcher? He is always ready to be a sausage.

Audio people are fond of telling stories; they have lived at Rome and Athens.

There is one thing which the stupidest per-son can do, and that is subscribe for a paper.

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Oscar is suggested as a good name for a man who is always getting a-head.

An early saying—Jumping out of bed at the first crow of a rooster.

A kid is like a fast mas—bound to got into a pen-alty.

It is sensible that a man who is always in a hurry is a man who is always in a hurry.

Don't wear the well-beaten path to the tavern.

Don't be a boy and you will find him full of timber.

A backbiter—The rat terrier.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

At a Troy, N. Y., theatre, recently, while a young child was observed walking down the side, and the audience supposed that it was a part of the performance, but the thought the neighbor was not handling property, soon exchanged his coat of good character for a suit of rich cloth.

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Recently a man in Cincinnati, Ohio, was arrested, lately purchased a watch of a peddler, and on examination found that it was sold a large quan-tity of the same kind of watches to whom he sold a large quan-tity of the same kind of watches to whom he sold a large quan-tity of the same kind of watches to whom he

THE DENOUNEMENT.
BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I am going to be married!
Don't you envy me, dear girls,
When you look upon my trousseau,
And see my diamonds and pearls?
I am going to be married,
Though my heart is still a-free,
For I am not an old-fashioned
As my mother used to be.

She would wed with father, bless him!
A poor farmer, all for love—
Lived in a cottage, worked the butter,
Black as any cooking stove!
And she calls these days the brightest
Of her happy married life.
What a taste was hers, dear mother,
To be servant maid and wife!

I am going to be married!
Not for love, but for convenience.
He has gold and silver galore.
Pray what less would ask for more?
I must never have a love dearer
Than I am to myself, of course.

I am going to be married!
Mamma, I think, approves,
Whom, to tell the truth, I hate
Me.
But I'm going to be married,
Though a reptile, or the
And as swift amends hereafter,
How I'll make his dollars fly!
What with shopping and with flirting,
What with dressing like a queen,
I'll be the gayest little wife
That ever was seen.

Perhaps I'll be a widow
Ere I'm thirty—who knows how?
With a mine of ready money
And an ocean of fine clothes.
Then I'll marry some young suitor
Who is handsome, although poor,
And I'll have a splendid time loving,
And the groom is at the door.

Long, long years are past and over
Since this maiden chose her lot,
Wealth and fame she gained, but only
Hate and hunger, and misery not!
While his wife has locks of silver,
And unbridled a scene,
He can count of years a hundred,
And has hopes of many more!

## A BONE of CONTENTION;

## The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE RALSTON'S SCHOOL," "THE LADY OF ST. BANS," "THE OLD LIVE'S WIDOWS," "A DANGEROUS GUEST," ETC.

### CHAPTER LIII.

A TALK WITH LORD WALDEMAR.

We will now resume our narrative of events occurring at Lady Thaxter's town residence three days after the departure of Lord Waldemar and Clifford, with their murderous receives, back to Huntingdonshire.

Soon after dinner, Dr. Hugh Tregaron went to the office of his lawyer, with whom he had consulted on Honor's present and future welfare, with a view to evolving some new plan of action, or some new theory in regard to Honor Gluit's whereabouts. He promised Lady Robinette to return early, as the result of her ladyship's interview with Lord Waldemar, and if possible, to see the latter.

Somewhere about half past nine o'clock, Dr. Tregaron returned to his residence, and on his way northward he came to the door of Lady Thaxter's footman flung open the drawing-room door, and announced Lord Waldemar.

The stern old lord came in looking grand and stately, but there was a warm smile under his fierce-white mustache, and an unusual softness in his fiery black eyes, as his lordship greeted the Countess of Robinette.

Lady Hungerton Countess, by birth her hand in his, with a warm pressure. She received him with kindly cordiality, for her thoughts upon the ungrateful task she had undertaken—that of enlightening his lordship in regard to the character of his villainous brother.

Lord Waldemar had his usual bench of cold, silvered wool visible in his thick hair, more, which he presented with a graceful bow to Lady Thaxter, who received him with a pleasant smile, but not unmingled. Mrs. Early stole out, and soon after Lady Thaxter also withdrew, being called out by her housekeeper.

For the last week it had happened that soon after his arrival each evening at Lady Thaxter's house, Lord Waldemar having invariably been left alone with the beautiful Countess. The devotion of the grand old Baron to the lovely foreign lady, it would seem, had not been unmarked by Lady Thaxter, as well as others.

"You are not at the House this evening, my lord," said Lady Robinette, when after the delicious perfume of her flowers. "I fear your country will not have cause to thank your personal friends. Lord Taxbury said last evening that formerly expected a great triumph from you to-night. Ah, how sweet those violets are! They remind me of my native girlhood. They must have grown in the heart of a garden, my lord."

"They did; I have a nosegay for Kent who sends them up to me daily," said Lord Waldemar simply, as if he had received only the usual trouble to gratify a lady's taste. "I always think of you in connection with wood violets, Countess, although you resemble more some tall and graceful lily."

"Thank you. A very pretty compliment, my lord; but I am not one of those ladies. If I now were to speak to Lady Robinette of the violet, she would think I referred to her as to all of price," said the Countess, laughingly. "Ah, Countess, what is this charm with which you have wound me after evening. A home lighted by your presence is the most delightful paradise. I am sure you love me, and peace which you bring to him and sweetness to a passion-tossed soul."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to gratify your every wish," said the Countess, with a grave, earnest air smile. "My task is here in the region of complaint, and talk of business. The world wonders, as you from my lips, does it not? I have something to say to you, and I fear you will not be pleased to have the interference in your family affairs which I have taken upon myself to make. Will you give me leave to speak?"

The Baron concealed the surprise he immediately felt, and entertained with great acquiescence.

"Say what you will, my dear Countess. I am only too happy that my family affairs should have awakened your interest."

"You are very kind," said the Hungarian Countess, in some confusion of manner. "My lord, you remember and have frequently spoken of the fate of Miss Honor Gluit, whom you left under the care of Lady Thaxter last month. You seemed to take a interest in the lady young girl."

"I did, and do, Madam. She bears a striking resemblance to my dead—a resemblance I did yesterday. Countess, that the marks upon her arm to which you refer, and which, indeed, were precisely similar to certain marks upon the arm of Miss Honor, and which Miss Hugh's can, determined her identity with my granddaughter. I am sure you will admit young Honor Gluit to be my own grandchild, if it were not for the evidence in Hilda's favor. Yet what evidence is there so strong as Honor's resemblance to my son? We've just about to speak to me about this girl's parentage?" cried his lordship agitated.

"Can you tell me if Honor Gluit is the actual daughter of Captain Gluit?" said the Countess, in a request told me that she is Captain Gluit's adopted daughter, my lord, and that the gallant Scotch lad is living a dozen years ago."

"Not Captain Gluit's daughter! Then her resemblance to Wallace Floyd means something. She is of Hilda's age. Can you have been deceived, Baron, in an imposture and can this beautiful girl with her brilliant mind and noble heart be the child of Wallace Floyd? I will probe the mystery to the very bottom. And if it should prove true, and this girl prove to be my own granddaughter, and for ever bless you, dear Lady Robinette, for putting me upon the track of this mystery. My very soul repudiates Hilda, and thrice to this evening honor Gluit."

"The question of the young lady's identity must be decided upon. Hilda is leaving true and eyes that emitted sparks of anger. He found himself suddenly unable to speak.

Lady Robinette perused the second missive, and with a smile of triumph, for it seems a special messenger. It was from the detective who had come to Dr. Hugh Tregaron's house, the subsidiary of the first writer. The note was in a failure, in my indifferent colloquy poor.

"The bird has taken to his wings. Followed him to Windsor, took up—no use. Taken for Somersham Station, Huntingdonshire. Lord Waldemar's house-manager went on same train to some place. The two are seemed to avoid each other. Have put me into speedy conveyance. Looks as if something was up. Did not follow, as had no orders."

Lord Waldemar read the note, passed it to Lord Waldemar's hands. He read it, and they looked at each other in a way that seemed to freeze.

"Somersham is the nearest station to the Cypresses," said the Baron at last. "It's ten miles from Somersham to the farm. It is there to her. You are right. Honor is at the Cypresses."

"And she does not know that she is not his child."

"I scarce," said Lord Waldemar, in a hollowed voice, glancing at the letters, "that Honor Gluit is my grandchild, and that Hilda is no daughter of mine. Countess, I will vestigate the fate of Honor's parentage. Can you tell me if Hilda has ever seen the letter of her mother's husband?"

The Countess sprang up with a wild shriek. "Oh, my lord! No, she was not told that her—to Honor. We must save her. We will take a special train. We will go down to the Tregarons. We will all go!"

"Not you, Countess!" cried the Baron, in astonishment.

"Yes, I will. My woman shall go with me. I must go, my lord. Send a messenger to order a special train. I will not be denied. It is decisive. Do not try to dissuade me. I must go!"

There was no denying the excitement that stilled the expostulations upon the further.

Sir Hugh Tregarone came in, and Lord Waldemar explained the matter to him briefly, while the Hungarian Countess flitted away to consult her maid, and to give directions to her travelling garb.

Sir Hugh Tregarone station plunged Sir Hugh into deep perplexity.

"I'll go down and order the special train," he said, hastily. "Lord Waldemar, I will send Lady Robinette's preparing nuncessary for the journey. Lady Robinette is very much attached to Honor, and she has some purpose in going down to the farm. I will be ready to start, so that her presence with us is not impeded. Lady Robinette has been accustomed to my journeys, and is ready."

"No. I wait only to escort Lady Robinette to the Cypresses."

Sir Hugh hurried away upon his errand, which fifteen minutes later Lady Robinette, in quiet travelling costume, attended by her maid, was announced in the drawing-room. Mrs. Early, returned to the drawing-room. She could not but remark the unusual paleness of her friend's, only repeating her assertion that she was ill, and that she was going down with Sir Hugh and Lord Waldemar, with whom she had business of importance. Mrs. Early could not but feel herself slighted, but doubt took his place, and they drove swiftly down the street, arriving to the railway station.

### CHAPTER LIV.

THE SEARCH NARROWING TO A POINT.

Thanks to the thoughtfulness and energy of Sir Hugh Tregaron, Lord Waldemar's party found but little delay in the matter of getting a special train to Somersham. The young Countess, who had accompanied her husband to the cab, and conducted them to the single first-class carriage in the train, was in a state bordering locomotive, with its beaming headlight, and its thundering voice, and its fiery and steady element out of the station, flying in the direction of Somersham.

The journey was made without delay, and throughout the journey, but Lord Waldemar and Sir Hugh Tregarone were occupied, and they arrived at something like a clear comprehension of the real facts in the case.

The Baron could not resist a conviction of the strangely close likeness between Honor and Hilda, but that Grimrod had attended the wedding in the year 1858. He carried the fact in his mind, but tiring of her—you know how fickle he is—he transferred his affections to Miss Gluit, and he was given to understand that Honor was the child of Wallace Floyd.

"Yes, my lord," said the Countess, raising her shining sapphire eyes and pale, eager face to him, "Honor's mother was cruelly and foully kept from you through fear of wounding you, Sir Hugh. Tregarone, Lady Tregarone, kept from telling you even now, and it is left for me, no relative, no stranger to you, to open to you their suspicions. You suffered once, they say, from the deception practiced upon you, and he called my daughter—no, no, no, my lord, and hear me. We believe that you have fixed your affections upon your daughter. And you bear to be told that he is an unscrupulous villain."

"That is no news to me," said his lordship, "but I am sorry to hear it from your lips, Countess."

"My lord, Sir Hugh Tregaron, Lady Thaxter, and I, have come to remove your daughter from the power of Lord Waldemar, and to prevent her discovery of her disappearance."

The Baron seemed overwhelmed with astonishment.

"I presume Darrel is capable of stealing the girl away," he said; "but he does not look her."

"You mistake, my lord. Shall I go on? Shall I be the true friend to break this news to you? Lord Waldemar, Honor Gluit is not your daughter. She is the child of Wallace Floyd."

Lord Waldemar seemed stupefied.

"You have proofs?" said the Countess, in her low, sweet, eager voice. "I said the—the like Hilda. No, she was not like. She has been in Lancashire all winter; he paid suit to her. Now, Honor Gluit, Hilda's adopted sister bone, and Darrel Moor begged the girl to marry him. Honor refused him, for love him, and accepted him. They were married at Bolton, in Lancashire, by the Rev. Mr. Scott, the marriage was an early hour, as this was to be kept a secret from Lord Waldemar. He stood by his son Darrel's side, and gave away vestry of the chapel, that she fell from him as he spoke. Lord Waldemar caught him. As for him, he repented his marriage before it was over. He immediately sent a man to Bolton yesterday to procure a copy of the certificate of the marriage, bearing Mr. Moor, and it is found that the leaf on which the record was made was missing. Honor's father, Sir Hugh Tregarone, had been in Honor's lodgings in Southport, and nearly succeeded in finding the certificate, and probably it has since been taken from her by Darrel."

"Oh, my lord, the absence of the proofs does not necessarily invalidate the claim, and the existence of his first wife at the time of the second marriage."

"Good Heavens! Do you mean that Darrel has committed bigamy?"

"You, my lord. He married Honor Gluit in the name of Darrel Moor, but he had married Hilda Floyd in the name of Darrel Moor the night before last. She has unburdened her heart to Lady Robinette, Sir Hugh Tregarone."

"His wife, Countess! Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, my lord," said the Countess firmly. "His lawful wife, Captain Gluit's daughter, the gallant young Bella Caroline, died in a farm stable within a mile of Somersham."

A questioned Darrel about Miss Rolf the night before last. He was then with Hilda, and she was his wife at the time."

Lady Robinette produced the two copies of the marriage certificate in her hand, and silently gave them into Lord Waldemar's hands. He read them.

"You see, Baron," said her ladyship, when he had finished the papers, "that Darrel Moor, Carmine Rolf, alias St. Helen's church, Brighton, in the year 1858. He carried out his plan, but tiring of her—you know how fickle he is—he transferred his affections to Miss Gluit, and he was given to understand that Honor was the child of Wallace Floyd."

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# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

Better Than Ever.


## THE NEW YORK LEDGER
### FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1873.

### THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.

Instructive and entertaining as the *Ledger* has been in the past, we hope and intend to make it still more instructive and entertaining in the future. Our experience is greater than heretofore, and our ambition to make the *Ledger* the best paper of the kind published in the world, is undiminished.

It is the aim of the *Ledger* to cultivate a taste for reading in the rising generation, and at the same time, by the character of its contents, to contribute constantly to their moral and intellectual improvement and growth.

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### The Inconveniences of a Vigilance Committee.

Certain influential papers accompany lists of alleged criminals, who are living in our public institutions at the cost of the State, with negative hints of new agencies for the doing of the proper work of the law in time. If the accumulation of these persons should result, as at present, new accommodations probably be forced on the community; but they need not necessarily be in the form suggested by depravation. A Vigilance Committee, however indirectly it works, has some inevitable inconveniences.

It is, for example, a reflection on the laws, on the judges, and these officials have their popular choices, on the people. It injures the reputation of a city, and with the class of commercial, capitalists are shy of placing their money in regions where law is only a spasmodic study.

Committees known as "Vigilance" do not keep regular minutes, and by the nature of their composition they include prompt and energetic persons. The retirement of two-thirds of all other committees is the same as inaction. "Now not to do it" is their problem, "appoint a committee," is the common solution. The "vigilance" is an exception to the rule. Its meetings are very informal. It is called "Vigilance," and therefore have no "grand aspirations," no "yearning after lofty things," no "ambition to shine" above. Neither roll your eyes, nor quote poetry that you do not understand. You can't play the piano; then don't say you are "out of practice." Get with your duties. If you think a thing wrong, say so; don't wink at it because it is fashionable. Take the consequence which God has given you and use it. Some silly folk may smile, but you will meet with some one, after a while, who will appreciate your truthfulness, and say, "No bearing there," and take you at your true value. And if not, why, you will respect yourself, and that's humbug never does.

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### Giving to the Poor.

An exchange says:

"Gladstone's wife gives at least four hours of each day to the poor."

We are always disgusted with this sort of pompous announcement of charity to the poor. How much money and how much bread does the Duke of Norfolk's Premier give then? That's the question.

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—At a recent dinner at one of the Clubs, a bachelor proposed as a toast, "Our Future Wives." The married man present said they could join in that sentiment.

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### Hiding Money in a Wall.

[From the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Press.]

John Martin's wife died recently in Brewsville, Sullivan county. Her husband, it is reported, in examining the cellar wall, a few days since, found $50 in gold and silver, besides a large amount in greenbacks, all of which the old lady had secreted for many years, and was providing for old age.

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### LEARNING TO WRITE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

No one so well as an editor can form no idea of the number of people who attempt to eke out a subsistence by literary means. If we say that nine parts out of ten of the offerings are quite worthless, it must not be construed into either a contempt for well-meant efforts, or as a discouragement of trying to write well.

We exhort every young man to endeavor to become the art and habit of composing in conversation and fluent public speech. Of course, if one aims at a professional life, he will do this; but it should be a part of the education of every intelligent man and woman.

It would be well for us to learn to know what to aim at. In other words, the art of composition, or how to write, is a very complex one to the finings. Of course, the best composition is that which is most natural, and which is most in accordance with a great diffusion which of these modes of composition, and which of these elements of composition, is, at attempted.

Descriptive writing is the most natural for one beginning to write. Reflection comes much later with young people. And yet descriptive writing must be the habit of accurate observation. Many persons see things without observing them. Many read books without taking in the books about nature, but what he sees and hears. Many persons are unable to speak of the milkmaid's song, which is so charming and abounds of a thousand, but would be absurd in a land where men do the milking, and where the milkmaids are never out of doors, being accustomed to only indoor life.

The whistling plowman has quite died out of the fields. Nobody whistles now. Everything we hear is done by machinery, and the larks rise sing at heaven's gate, are not heeded. They are not heard in America. We do not "dance on the green," for we have no green. We do not walk in the morning by learning how to observe; let us, then, go to this writing reading with an eye perceived; if he is in doubt about an epithet, let him go to the meadow and the woods, stick to your own eyes. Let what you write be what you see. Let your descriptions be those of nature, and not those of books.

But be rude and crude while learning to tell what you know. Do not be afraid of criticism. Nobody else very differently constituted.

The habit once formed of honest truthful descriptive, will gradually open into all the other kinds of writing.

It would be well for one to have a composition every week, and to read it to his or her friends, the subject of which is to be given by the teacher, or by the friend. Let the subject be a singular one, as "Some one's Nose," or "What I Heard," or "Why I Like Sundays," or "Why I Like Mondays," or "Why I Like Rainy Days," or "Why I Like Sunshine," or "Why I Like Snow," or "Why I Like Thunder," or "Why I Like Lightning," or "Why I Like Wind," or "Why I Like Hail," or "Why I Like Frost," or "Why I Like Dew," or "Why I Like Rainbows," or "Why I Like Clouds," or "Why I Like Mist," or "Why I Like Fog," or "Why I Like Stars," or "Why I Like Moonlight," or "Why I Like Twilight," or "Why I Like Dawn," or "Why I Like Sunrise," or "Why I Like Noon," or "Why I Like Afternoon," or "Why I Like Evening," or "Why I Like Night," or "Why I Like Midnight," or "Why I Like Morning," or "Why I Like Spring," or "Why I Like Summer," or "Why I Like Autumn," or "Why I Like Winter," or "Why I Like Cold," or "Why I Like Heat," or "Why I Like Warmth," or "Why I Like Coolness," or "Why I Like Dryness," or "Why I Like Moisture," or "Why I Like Wetness," or "Why I Like Dampness," or "Why I Like Drought," or "Why I Like Rain," or "Why I Like Hail

## DEAD MAN'S BROOK.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

A brook rose wrapt each resting limb
That lies beside the slanting pool;
The clock set leaves the sunlight dim;
The stone around is damp and cool.
Dead Man's Brook, they call the stream,
Darken and chill the circle wood,
And in the water settle down—
And people call it Dead Man's Brook.

Or be the story false or true,
With all its hinted love and sin,
You feel, as you pace the thickets through,
In such a place it might have been.
For a horrible hate by life-past is told,
And a murder done in the moonlight cold,
And over rise of gorge and mound,
And fresh sked blood, and murdering bone.

And this the tale: One summer day
To yonder mansion tall and fair,
A pedlar came, they say,
And asked to see the master there.
He was a Jew of low degree,
So clerk he came at his bidding in,
And over his face a terror spread,
When first he saw the lady guest.

Gray as ashes his face became,
But hers was cold and stern as fate;
His eyes were dimmed by grief and shame,
But hers were bright with hate.
He came at her bold, but spoke no word,
Then turned and to this thicket sped;
He followed over the rocky ground,
With wounded look and hurrying tread.

And he slept united from the case
Of lackeys who behold the scene,
And the secret of the deed was safe,
And murdered what it might have been.
For his return they waited there
Through that hot summer day,
Until his wife, so young and fair,
Wondered what kept her away.

Night came at last, yet he came not,
And then the servants sought the wood,
And sought for him in every spot,
And one stray seeker entered here.
He only shrieked the while he sped
And joined their fellow in this nook;
For there the dead Jew pedlar lay,
Hideously gore-wills to the brook.

Beneath this beech whose drooping limb
Dipped in the water, where the tide
The ghastly breast wound made in him
Reddened where his life-blood oozed.
Upon her lap his head was laid;
Her hand was on his throat,
As—silent with the song locks played,
Or o'er his pallid features crept.

Up leaped she then, and proudly said,
"You seek him? He is mine—and here!"
"Woman! they cried, "what have you done?"
"Why have you done this deed of fear?"
"Look!" was her answer, "look and see!
Look on his throat! Why, 'tis a cast!
But he is false, and I undone,
And we together—we three! we three!"

Quicker than they to grasp, her stroke
Fatal fell on her troubled breast,
And a heart to crime and sorrow broke
Ceased to throb, and she was at rest.
Or—beyond the stars—the same she was.
None knew, and it never yet was known,
But there buried her where blood-drops flow,
And her grave has neither stake nor stone.

## A FATAL INHERITANCE.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "CIVIL ENGINEER," THE "WHITE TRIBUNE," THE "ROYAL MISTRESS," ETC.

### PART I.

### CHAPTER V.

A SCENE OF VIOLENCE.

The royal mistress of the magnificent southern forest, where the superb oak and the stately pine, the graceful magnolia and the rich fig-tree, whose gnarled trunk and shaft without branches till they towered high above in the umbrella of leaves.

Victim of rare beauty opened at every turn in the inviting road, lighted up by the lustrous of the setting sun. The soft evening air swayed to and fro the long pendants of Spanish moss which hung from the spreading arms of the trees, and the perfume of the yellow jessime, growing wild in every direction, filled the air with fragrance.

At the moment Miss Layton was unconscious of this, but from that evening the name odor, however fainted, would always cause her to grow sick and giddy, for it brought back to her all the bewilderment and suffering of that hour.

Driven from her husband's house with but a pittance on which to support herself and her child; compelled to appeal to her father for protection and shelter, for at least a season, in his home, Mrs. Layton was in no mood to be in her accustomed spirits, and it was one which she would meet with but a cold welcome.

Her father was entirely under the influence of her new mother, a hard-hearted, narrow-minded woman, who had been mainly instrumental in making the marriage from which she had so keenly suffered; and Alice knew that to return to his household was to receive no aid, but also would meet with the remonstrances

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her pulse. It was beating faintly, and a few moments later she untwined her eyes and looked vaguely around her.

"What has happened to me?" she asked presently. "I feel stunned and bewildered."

"Never mind now, dear; you are coming around nicely now," said Mrs. Bland's gentle voice. "You will soon be all right."

"But how did I come to faint? Such a thing has happened to me before in my life. Oh, I remember—I will now," as it with a wild cry she sprang up.

"My child! my child! what is the matter? has been done with her? Oh, if you have let her be taken from me I shall die—I shall die!"

Your child is safe; she is here, and Mr. Cranis has taken your husband away with him. Calm yourself, my dear; you must not have need of all your strength for what you must do to-day." said Dr. Bland, with gentle firmness.

"My husband," repeated Alice, sinking back with a shiver. "Ah, what a shocking scene this must be! He is my most deadly enemy, though he swore before Heaven to love and cherish me. He has treated me as if I were of less value than the dirt under his feet, and now he has attempted to kill me. It was a terrible day for me when I first came over to his mercy."

You must not think of all that now, my dear. It is necessary for you to recover your self-control and strength as quickly as you can before you can be called upon to testify, and yet you can after the shock you have received this morning, but the child must be taken where she cannot be found, and I know that you will never consent to lose sight of her."

Alice lifted herself from her reclining position, and with terrified eyes asked:

"Are we not safe here? Will he violate his promise, and try to remove Lucia from me by force?"

The doctor nodded.

She arose instantly, a faint color coming back to her cheeks, and with a zodiac energy said:

"I am well again. I am strong to defy even fate itself in defense of my darling. What shall I do? Where shall I go, Doctor, to be safe from the pursuit of that man?"

You must settle that after breakfast. Denver is not like a theater, my child, because there is a play going on there, and you must not be known and Layton will not have time to get a magistrate under two hours. It will take the most part to search the place and prevent you from their way here, and we may safely calculate on such delays as Mr. Cranis can throw in his way. I given three hours, and in that time you can be far enough away to defy any attempt to overtake you."

"But I will not go," she said; "I will do with no one but Lucia's companion, and I have never taken a journey in my own name in my life! I cannot expect you to run such risk duties on my account, Doctor, yet I fear that I possess a very helpless character."

"Oh, no, you will not. You have energy and nerve enough for anything, and there are core fairly aroused. Besides, you are not going without an escort. I will send Philip with you, and he has acted more than once as bodyguard to Lucia. He is able to take care of himself, and he will not leave you on any side on the journey, I am sure."

"Will it not be best to go by the railway? I know that Philip will do all he can for me, but the sooner I get to my father the better for me."

You forget that your husband can telegraph, and have you stopped at the next station. Denver will be the safest for you, though it will be necessary to go to Sweetwater from there by the train."

"I will do as you think best, Doctor, and I can never be grateful enough for the protection and kindness you have extended to me. I will go now, and begin my preparations for leaving."

Breakfast will be ready in half an hour," said Mrs. Bland, "and when that is over we will see if you can soon possible." but Alice got on a dark traveling dress at once, and Lucia's things were put in a small trunk all ready, leaving the others to be sent on by express.

Dear friend, you are capable of everything. I will go at once and attend to what is necessary."

Alice found Casey in her room, with the child already dressed, and after her mother had cried over her a few moments she was taken out to Dr. Bland, that he might arrange the bandages on her arm. Lucia seemed to have forgotten all about her hurt, and she lied at leaving her friend Casey, but was soon back to assist her mistress, and by the time breakfast was announced the trunk was in clothing had been made, and Mrs. Layton had exchanged her morning dress for a more suitable for traveling.

Layton was a long distance at the edge of the river which sheltered a stanch boat in which Philip was learning to row, and on the morning in was manned by two stalwart negro boatmen, who were to row the party across the river to a point beyond, even if a pursuit was attempted.

Before parting from her guest, Mrs. Bland said, in her tenderest and most impressive manner:

If you ever need a friend or a home, my dear, come to us, and you will find both. The doctor and I have talked it over, and we would be glad to have you with us for a long time. We have only an only child, Philip, married and left us, and we have much room in our house. Your child's son must be sent out in the world, to prepare himself for the career for which he is designed, but you can come back to us and be our daughter, we should be better rewarded to the empty nest from which our own young birds have flown."

Alice threw herself in her new friend's arms, and with impulsive fate forbids it. I thank you from my heart for your offer, Mrs. Bland, for your maternal kindness to me, and if I must call on either, be sure that you and your kind husband will I turn in my desolation, in gratefulness to any others. I will write and let you know where I am, and I hope that we may soon be reunited, for I shall be lonely indeed if I am long separated from my child."

The promise to write occasionally was given, and after a kind farewell from the doctor, the travellers took their places in the comfortable boat, and set out on the broad, sight miles below, where a steam packet stopped at mid-day to take on passengers and freight for Charleston.

It seems to the sake of the boat were cushioned, and shaded by an awning, and had been fitted up for the comfort of ladies, and Alice was glad to find herself enjoying the lovely scenery on the banks of the river, and the sensation of being borne gently and gracefully on the water, and the soft breeze, bearing on its wings the perfumes wafted from myriads of wild flowers blooming in the forest over which it had lately swept.

Philip, with infinitive tact, did not attempt to divert Mrs. Layton's mind from grief and the sad thoughts which must fill it after the scene in which she had been the actor, but he kept her in the lower saloon, arranged a pillow for her head, and left her alone to the solitude of her own thoughts, and to their flooded down the shining river the length of the little girl often sang over to her mother, and how she consoled the lad was in his efforts to please her.

At length Alice aroused herself from her painful reverie, and desired to see on what part terms the children were. She took Lucia in her arms, and said to her:

"What a darling fellow you are, Philip, and you must be really good, you know, to make a baby like that love you so much. Children read faces better than grown people. I have read somewhere."

"I am not always good," replied the lad, shaking his head. "I felt very bad this morning, and if I had had a pistol, I believe I should have popped away at somebody myself, and so, as I kill him too, if I could."

Alice shuddered, and walked her face with her hands.

"Don't—don't refer to that; it makes me horrible sick.

"You must not resent what I suffer, Philip," she presently said, with a faint smile, "because the one who treated me badly is your father. You know that I have great love for you as your little wife, and you must be a wife or my children, and I will never over to be sorry."

The boy tightened his clasp around the little girl's waist, and his face was so flushed that he looked as he looked up at the speaker, and then earnestly said:

"If I had had time for thought, I would have spared you the shocking knowledge of father, shamefully as he had treated you. I know it was wicked of him when you love me as Lucia for my future wife, but I mean it to be true, and I am sure you will be glad to be my wife yet, and so far away from here, and she is such a baby she will never be able to recall any of these things. You have been away from her a few months. Should she take fever on board the steamer, I will take a fancy to each other, why—then we might make a mistake and think that the relationship of being fulfilled."

"Oh, Philip, you will not forget her," said the child, and she never will. I would be grieved to her that you were so kind as to have taken for me, and I promise you that I will be true to mind to my before I go to Germany. She will be old enough then to be my wife, perhaps. You must not let her forget me, Mrs. Layton."

I shall be sure to talk to her a great deal about you, my darling," replied Alice, "and to awaken in her heart grateful and tender memories of the boy who was so kind to her little sister."

Philip sat silently meditating a few moments, and then, in a low, earnest voice, said:

"That is all you can do, of course; and if my little darling remembers me, as that she was her usual manner of getting her own way, she will be sure to remember me. I am a good deal older than she is, and I am a year above from his button-hole, and setting her to kissing the petals on it, and in the very tidy they were spending over new with their strange, sad experiences, and were found boasting song, keeping time with their feet.

Tears came into the eyes of the dearly tried mother as she looked at them, and she said to herself that they would have years in which to be able to pierce the mists of years, and so the herself from the terrible past. But successful a haven in the future as the love of such a man as Philip Bland must prove would be to her.

She kissed the little face, and closing the case, softly said:

"I will go to the All-Father, Philip, that we may be all brought together again in happiness, and I will be sure to tell him of both, that he may not think you and my darling lost to me, and that you may be ready for me before the marriage vow."

The lad's face grew radiant, and he silently pressed her hand in his own.

A few moments later they turned a bend in the river, and the city of Denver came in view.

It was simply a wooden platform built at the edge of the bank, with a few buildings and a few feet above it; a small shanty stood at the end of the platform, and a few rough boards constituted the office of the station agent, and still the best called for these. A wooden bench under the shadow of cotton trees, and a dozen a little distance back from the landing, and on this Philip placed Lucia, and then busied himself with the child; and he then returned to the boat to help Mrs. Layton to the station platform, and to get a basket of food which had been provided for the journey by the steamer stewards, and behind her lover.

Alice had not been able to eat a morsel until after the manoeuvres with the child, and to avoid meeting any other boat by rowing to the shore if they saw one approaching these from above.

The steamer was expected more than an hour, and our little party began to feel very uncomfortable, and Alice was beginning to mention to come in pursuit of them. Philip was looking anxiously up the river, when he suddenly exclaimed that a boat was in sight, the black smoke of which was so near as to be visible. Alice looked up, and saw a dark form on the deck, and she felt that it was her husband, and that he was coming in pursuit of her.

She sank down upon the bench, and covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight of the boat, and to shut out the sight of the boat, and to shut out the sight of the boat, and

## A SHELL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Little shell, bright shell, lying on my palm,
You bring back into my heart the long day's calm.
The loud, low summer day when I walked by
the sea,
And waited the ebbs of noon while you gathered
you for me.

Little shell, sea-shell, it was a day of rest.
The day of all the summer days that did seem
best.

If Nature had drawn to her gates and shut us
out,
Not Eden had known a sweeter day to walk in
and about.

Little shell, white shell, those hours shall come
no more;
There shall be born a day again like one that
went before.
But never a golden thread in all the others be.
I'll keep you in remembrance of one day beside
the sea.

## THE BROADACRES TRAGEDY;

OR,

## The Irrevocable Promise.

By CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,
AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF NO. 37," "FLIPPO, THE BASHFUL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

SUICIDE.

Ah, that doom's absurd stood stock and single shapes,
And fell a phrase to fit the thing called Death.

Ernestine Tudor had nearly gained the head of the staircase which led to the second or full portion of the building when she heard a step behind her, and, turning around she beheld in the dim light the figure of Adkins the butler coming after her. She said:

"Is it well with you, Miss?" he said.

She turned aside, and seated herself in one of the broad window seats to hear whatever the man might have to say.

"I'd give the best years of my life, if this thing hadn't happened," he said, wiping the perspiration which suddenly started from his brow; "but since it's out, I hope you won't take me to task severely for it. I couldn't help myself, you know. I won't say but I've been fond in behind with yonder young gentleman, but now I'm true to his sarvice I'll stand by and defend him."

"Answer me one or two questions and I'll again promise you that I'll not speak a word of what I have discovered."

"Well, Miss, if your questions are such that I can answer."

They are. Tell me; does your master, Mr. Marmaduke Ergstone, expect this young gentleman from death?"

"No, Miss; he does not. I wouldn't dare tell him; you know what."

For fear he would make short work with his life next time?"

"I fear so."

"Well, I suspect he has left Broadacres because there are officers on his track. Am I right?"

"Yes."

If he has such important interests at stake, it would be natural for him to go somewhere in the neighborhood to watch his chances—would it not?"

The man hesitated; he feared that in answering this question he would betray his master's safety.

"Answer me," he commanded the young lady. "Remember that I am to you a far more interesting subject, if you are silent. Is he in this vicinity?"

"He is."

"Can you take a message to him from me?"

"I can."

Then go to him as quickly as possible and say that he has another friend at Broadacres besides young Ergstone."

The man looked at the speaker in great surprise.

"I mean what I say," she continued. "I wish to see your master and have some conversation with him. I think you can also manage an interview with safety."

"What do you propose doing, my lady?"

"That I will explain to Mr. Manning, your master," she said. "Only ask of you that you will not disclose yonder invalid's mind to any person but me. Will you do so?"

Miss Ernestine whom he met upon this night was a very different person from the one who met him on the morrow.

"I will."

Then you need have no fears from me regarding your master's safety."

She arose as she spoke, a self-assuring herself that the man had nothing further to reveal, she took him a friendly good-night and descended to her own chamber.

Here she sat down and carefully arranged her hair, adjusted herself securely within, and threw herself into a deep armchair before the open window and gave herself up to extravagant speculations concerning the future.

Her love of the marvellous had found abundant food in the incidents brought to her notice since her arrival at Broadacres, and with the discovery of the wounded man, and also the man of certain resemblance, there flashed before her development which, if rightly received, would serve to her own interests.

Unconsciously she murmured the same sentiment which the detective had, in musing uttered when he was searching in Marmaduke Ergstone's desk for the secret papers.

Agatha surely said that her inheritance of Broadacres depended upon her marriage with her father's favorite son, Ralph Ergstone, or her dismissal from the house. What can be the terms of that condition, and what the consequences should they not be fulfilled? I could give the world if I could know, for upon that knowledge all my own plans may hinge. I thought to discover it from Ralph's master, and so declared myself his friend and solicited an interview. Yet I must say how much I put upon the friendship of the bandaged invalid up stairs? Is he not a stranger to me in every sense? He certainly possesses the noblest countenance I ever beheld."

She ceased awhile in silence, and then breaking forth into a low, rippling laugh, she exclaimed:

"Yes. Is it not strange? People of noble impressions and irreproachable features in the ways born my dupes; so why should not I reasonably expect to find it meet with such, that they will be more fitting instruments to further my own ends? Why should not I make them mine by my own? My plans for the present, therefore, will be to go to Ralph, consent, in the role of friend, to defend him to both Agatha and her devoted lover up to a point. But by that means I shall soon discover more than I already know about the conditional inheritance of Broadacres.

"I should greatly like to become the mistress of such a estate," she continued, arising toward the window and gazing admiringly upon the hair lying in the moonlight by spread out like a beautiful picture before her. "Yes, I certainly should love, above all things, to be mistress of Broadacres," she repeated after a few moments' pause, wherein she seemed to have been dwelling the question with herself. "Of course Agatha and Ogpenaro Agatha, if a bona fide marriage with Ralph Ergstone will make it her residence, but to be mistress of the finest country seat in America—to be supported by the ample revenues which arise from the rent of contingent farms—to give splendid *fête-champêtre* in summer, and during the holidays and Easter week to fill this noble mansion with merry throngs of the choicest city society, would be to lead an ideal life. It is a prize well worth striving for, and strive for it I will, with all the faculties at my command. If I only knew to whom the estate would fall, should Agatha not marry her cousin, I should feel infinitely relieved; but as I have not any conclusion on that point, my eyes with watching shall be kept open, and favors my plans, and I will trust to that hope again. I feel within me an assurance of ultimate happiness such as has never dawned on me before. So good-night, bright world; and good-night, Agatha, men mine! Who knows but that some day you will be my guest, instead of I yours?"

She spoke in mirthment, and throwing herself upon the luxurious couch, was soon buried in the arms of Morpheus, and lost to all but the sleep of the innocent.

Her dreams were of a nature to strengthen the resolve she had formed, for in them she beheld herself the mistress of the grand old Ergstone mansion, admired, flted, courted and caressed. By her side there stood one whom she knew she could love devotedly, but upon the hand which held hers in a congenial clasp she beheld the ring of curious workmanship which Agatha had that morning shown to her guest.

He surmised her, eloquent words in her ear as he stood at her side receiving the congratulations of their guests, and her heart responded to his words with high throbs of rapturous joy and gratified ambition.

She strove to raise her eyes to her husband's face, and demonstrate the zest which animated his features, but her sight seemed dimmed by the effort, and her head began to whirl.

### CHAPTER XIII.

MARMADUKE ERGSTONE'S FOE.

Thither, first thought of all my wanderings,
Ascended, and in a corner, with a full view
Of the sweet church, I placed me.

It was over an hour after Miss Tudor left the chamber said, as Ernestine Tudor suspected, that the man who was doubtless confined with Walter Manning, to whom Agatha Ergstone had pledged her word that he should be at her father's choice, did indeed make the final attempt to escape. The man who was left in charge was the Ergstone's secret to the ocurrence of her flight.

Yours knows, Agatha Ergstone's secret and became fascinated with the charm of the young lady's self-reliance and courage, and wife, there was another who also laid claim to her affections, and that was Ralph.

It was Ernestine's blossom, a man with whom she was unacquainted, and who, from the circumstances under which he appeared, was surrounded with mystery, while there was no unacquainted, and while there was no other would not have occurred to her.

The natural interest existing between the two became open antagonism when Ernestine Miss. Ellmore found her between them, and bestowed her hand upon the victim of the former.

Never before had Walter Manning, the disinherited son of Ralph Ergstone, been so near and overlying a foe to his cousin's wife than his handsome, richer rival stood between him and success, for in the full confidence of his resentment should never slumber nor sleep that sooner or later he would forget the appointment in the misery of the two who had caused it, and should decide that the life of his prey before his object was attained, he would not take, and that while there was a weapon, and if life were once secured, victory his hatred to the second or third generation.

Reckless, unprincipled and prodigal, his career soon became one of dissipation, for want of the large revenues he once enjoyed, for those who had formerly been his associates shunned, and in proportion as his own wealth was squandered, so was his love for pleasure increased, for every day the gulf between them and bestowed her hand upon the victim of the former.

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Younger by nearly ten years than Marmaduke Ergstone, and possessing a fair property that neither age nor fast living could make much impression upon his appearance, Walter Manning passed for a still younger man than he really was, and to the eyes of those who were in no way concerned in seeking to procure his arrest, he was a handsome, well-preserved fine looking gentleman.

Through prosperity, happiness and success this man had been the stage of Marmaduke Ergstone with the persistence of a blood-hound. His every movement from the perpetrator of Broadacres tangible him that the interests of his family would not be secure and when disease attacked his once robust frame, and the physicians told him that rupture and serious weakness of the heart rendered it impossible for him to live long, he was more than ever determined to sealing to procure his arrest, and to prevent his escape.

It seemed to him like a warning, a premonition of danger from which death had removed his wife, as it might also himself, but it could not subdue his hatred, it only fed it too.

It was this foreboding fear that induced the master of Broadacres to secure the services of a man much taste from her French convent, that she might be near to watch over her father, and therefore forearmed.

For days after the doomed lord of Broadacres watched for the arrival from England of his daughter's affianced husband, a fellow whom he judged would be her shield and protector, but he found that the man was perfectly concealed from his view; but when he came and left the house without any one of the more certain interest of his daughter, that he was not the man he sought.

He never knew that Ernestine Tudor came between her father and his kinsman—never knew, in fact, that the latter existed as a foe for her father, in his fears for the future, he overlooked the rival at his side.

Fearing that death would overtake him before he should be able to fulfill his plans, he set to work to write a full account of his own actions, and those of his kinsman, and after having carefully sealed the paper, placed it with his private papers in the secret drawer of his cabinet.

His daughter came; but she arrived too late to receive from her father's lips the full statement of the dangers to which her orphaned state exposed her. Her father's utterance to his apprehensions indeed fell upon her ears, but they were but vague words of grief, and she paid but little heed to the words.

Only she heard and treasured in her memory the name of Walter Manning as the one specially feared by her father's rival, and who was momentarily expected; and when there suddenly appeared in the house a handsome stranger, and when the parting breath of her father proclaimed him the man, no wonder that Agatha Ergstone should have received him instead of the Walter Manning whom she was expected to marry!

No wonder that she should see the apparent disparity in age between the lover and the man who had been the object of his fear, and no wonder that she should not respond to his endearments as it had done in days gone by, when his presence was unalterable, and when Walter Manning again appeared at Broadacres, it was her first impulse to stifle her own feelings and become his friend.

Her father had almost met his foe, there lurked sentiments which, had she stopped to analyze them, might have filled her own breast with anxiety, and in time, with horror.

As at the dark gates, upon that memorable moonlight night, she had encountered a stranger standing before her with her accomplished lover, and from whom she received at each retrospect the character, the appearance of a man, so now unconsciously, while that of the other grew proportionately hateful.

I cannot banish from my recollection the memory of that voice, nor of those features," she would often exclaim, communing with herself. "His was the voice, and his the countenance which of right belong to Cousin Walter, methinks; for I surely traced in them a faint resemblance to what he was when we were both so young and happy together. I feel my heart throb with a glow of pleasure as I recall the words and the kind manner of the stranger, but pain and grief quickly succeed them when I recollect that for me that noble life was undoubtedly sacrificed. Perchance, however, a dark, inexorable, yet really kind providence lives behind that dark cloud, for I selfishly trace in his disappearance an event which may restore to me my happiness of mind and possible happiness. My heart is very tender, and while fathoming by his words, it unconsciously warmed toward the man who had come to my aid, and who at the time my promise to my father, and to my own heart, I would be true to him, and to the memory of the stranger.

Time I can breathe maidan is hatred to the murderer of my father, and that his death should be avenged. In that I am but fulfilling my duty as a woman, and as sufferer of the spot upon which the crime was committed; yet, I believe that Providence works a kindlier feeling toward the victim, is that I may be spared the pain of serious conflict.

By such sophistries as these, and by such tender reflections did Agatha Ergstone keep alive in her heart and memory the image of Walter Manning, the rightful claimant to her heart and hand.

But Ralph Ergstone Kinsman, the crafty villainer who would sacrifice a young girl's happiness to his own ends, was not to be deceived by such pleadings, and he therefore secretly more surely have found the way to the heart of his victim.

He came down one day in a mail and the event had brought to the mind of the lady of the Manor that the young gentleman would also thus escape him, the wives of Walter Manning, and she made greater haste to consummate her plans.

His roving life, his extravagant tastes, and his dissipated habits had made him a poor man, and upon receiving a letter from Ernestine Tudor, informing him that Agatha Ergstone had pledged her word that he should be at her father's death, he was hastened to the scene of their gaze.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

### THE FATHER AND MOTHER'S WISH.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

That song is very beautiful,
Full of life, love and light;
But, oh, we would not, cannot have
You sing it thus to-night.

There is your sister's favorite,
And, dear, you know the air;
She left us, for the angels led,
This night a year ago.

Now she, you and the children here
Sang it in sounding glee,
And all around trembrance evermore
For household watetry.

But now the sister's voice is still,
And as she glad soar be let him in,
At such a time as this, we feel
Our hearts may be severed his in-

We must not hear it: only makes
Us weep when we should rejoice;
Content that she has Heaven now
And we have God's choice.

That Heaven where she exerts waits
In endless angel worth,
And ready with songs for us learned,
For gladness for earth.

Yet, daughter, do not silent be:
Ask her last request,
Sing that song, that very song when she
Smiled into scented rest,
Her little hands clasped in our own,
A soft peace on her face,
And whispering with her last, dear breath
That night more I"

## JUDGE GUELDER'S WIFE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

**The Judge's wife might have been his daughter, she was so fair and slight and young, and he so stout and gray and elderly. Every one knew that he married her for love, in all the time that she had known him. How he ever made the match, and what her parents thought of it, and Eunice herself, were questions. She might perhaps—nay, she would, if her Cousin Will had spoken of what was in his mind before; but Will was poor, and timid too, in this his love affair, though he was brave enough in other things; and Eunice had never a hint of his secret, and did not love him, and so whatever cause made her refuse him—**

Also? after she was Judge Guelder's wife the truth came out, and Eunice knew that she had done what never might be undone—too hastily, and that her timid girl's heart had led her astray. She prayed hard to be kept from anything wrong even in thought, and she was kept in a calm and faithful wife, but she could not be happy.

Oh, if I might but tell me!" she said.

And then he also knew the truth; but he was honest, brave and generous, and took up his burden of regret like a man.

One night knew all her heart. It was Will's friend, Charles Atwell. He had always hated her, as she believed, because, when they were all children together, she used to ridicule him for his awkwardness, having rough hair that blew about his face, and for stuttering, and for his awkwardness. Now he was a man of money; he had grown almost handsome in his hair was rich and black. And Eunice would not have mocked this friend but trying, in those days of her womanhood, but Charles Atwell had never forgotten. He always believed that he came between Will and herself, in some mysterious way, in that time of childhood. Indeed, in vain, to hear him say that he loved her, that he had loved her from his boyhood memory of boy, the hard secret of the two young people came out, this Charles Atwell knew that it had been revealed before Will could have told him, if he would have done so. It was an innocent secret, after all, at least. They had wept like two children, Will and Eunice, over her hand, that was all. But Charles Atwell tried to make a guilty one of it by his manner.

He came to call upon the Judge, and when he fell asleep, whispered in his wife's ear that "Will was very well and asked her "if she had had a message for him."

He passed her on the bridge, and said, behind his hand, with that quick catch of the breath that was left in childish stammer, that "the Judge was coming."

He met her, day by day, after days, these young people met by chance, that Charles Atwell always "stayed behind" to have delayed a little in his exercise, gave Eunice a confidential look, and glided away again? Why should she not meet her friend's friend, she who had been almost like a sister to Cousin Will? How dared this man find such suspicions, in such a way that she could not resent them like a anger? That was the thought of her. After a while she grew afraid of him. She dared not tell her husband, for he would send one day to Atwell, or a father's age in the grave rose the house, with her hair all and her cloth blown about her face, and Will at her feet, looking up into her eyes, and holding her hand to it, in his honest, brotherly way, and Charles Atwell had passed with her husband.

"He don't like me," said Will, but Eunice knew that it was behind Will's back that he made a sound to her, as who should say, "I am blind to that little picture."

Was another matter if he ever came to chatting with each other? Eunice had cried her last color rose, and she took her hand away from Will as she spoke.

Then that was long ago. She had more reason to be afraid of Charles Atwell now. Her husband had discovered what no true tells for to be honest.

Her husband? How heavily he slept that night! No noise aroused him—not the opening of the shutters to the rising wind; not the uneasy tossing of his wife, to her little waistcoat bed, so near his own; not her scream, as she started from a restless dream of her chatting with each other?"